AN
IMITATION
OF THE
Ninth ODE of the Fourth Book of HORACE.

Inſcribed to the Right Honourable

JAMES STANHOPE, Eſq;

One of His MAJESTY's Principal SECRETARIES of STATE.

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IMITATION

OF THE

Ninth ODE of the Fourth Book of

HORACE.

BORN near *Avona*'s winding Stream
I touch the trembling Lyre,
No vulgar Thoughts, no vulgar Theme
Shall the bold Muſe inſpire.
'Tis Immortality's her Aim,
Sublime ſhe mounts the Skies,
She climbs the ſteep Aſcent to Fame,
Nor ever ſhall want Force to riſe,
While ſhe ſupports her Flight with *Stanhope*'s Name.
What tho' Majeſtick *Milton* ſtands alone
Inimitably great?
Bow low ye Bards at his exalted Throne,
And lay your Labours at his Feet;

Capacious Soul! whoſe boundleſs Thoughts ſurvey
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Sea:
Lo! where th' embattel'd Gods appear,
The Mountains from their Seats they tear,
And ſhake th' eternal Throne with impious War.
Yet nor ſhall *Milton*'s Ghoſt repine
At all the Honours we beſtow
On *Addiſon*'s deſerving Brow,
By whom convinc'd, we own his Work divine,
Whoſe skillfull Pen has done his Merit right,
And ſet the Jewel in a fairer Light.
Enliven'd by his bright Eſſay
Each flow'ry Scene appears more gay,
New Beauties ſpring in *Eden*'s fertile Groves,
And by his Culture *Paradiſe* improves.
Garth by *Apollo* doubly bleſs'd
Is by the God entire poſſeſs'd,
Age unwilling to depart
Begs Life from his prevailing Skill:
Youth reviving from his Art
Borrows its Charms, and Pow'r to kill.
But when the Patriots injur'd Fame,
His Country's Honour, or his Friends,
A more extenſive Bounty claim,
With Joy the ready Muſe attends,

Immor-

Immortal Honours ſhe beſtows,
A Gift the Muſe alone can give,
She crowns the glorious Victor's Brows,
And bids expiring Virtue live.
Nymphs yet unborn ſhall melt with am'rous Flames
That *Congreve*'s Lays inſpire.
And *Philips* warm the gentle Swains
To Love and ſoft Deſire.
Ah! Shun ye Fair the dang'rous Sounds,
Alas each moving Accent wounds,
The Sparks conceal'd revive again,
The God reſtor'd reſumes his Reign,
In killing Joys and pleaſing Pain.
Thus does each Bard in diff'rent Garb appear,
Each Muſe has her peculiar Air,
And in Propriety of Dreſs becomes more fair,
To each impartial Providence
Well-choſen Gifts beſtows,
He varies his Munificence,
And in divided Streams the heav'nly Bleſſing flows.

II.

If we look back on Ages paſt and gone,
When infant Time his Race begun,
The diſtant View ſtill leſſens to our Sight,
Obſcur'd in Clouds, and veil'd in Shades of Night.

The Muſe alone can the dark Scenes diſplay,
Enlarge the Proſpect, and diſcloſe the Day.
'Tis ſhe the Records of Times paſt explores,
And the dead Hero to new Life reſtores,
To the brave Man who for his Country died,
Erects a laſting Pyramid,
Supports his Dignity and Fame,
When mould'ring Pillars drop his Name.
In full Proportion leads her Warrior forth,
Diſcovers his neglected Worth,
Brightens his Deeds, by envious Ruſt o'ercaſt,
T'improve the preſent Age, and vindicate the paſt.
Did not the Muſe our crying Wrongs repeat,
Ages to come no more ſhou'd know
Of *Lewis* by Oppreſſion great,
Than we of *Nimrod* now,
The Meteor ſhould but blaze and die,
Depriv'd of the Reward of endleſs Infamy.
Ev'n that Brave Chief, who ſet the Nations free,
The greateſt Name the World can boaſt,
Without the Muſe's Aid ſhall be
Sunk in the Tide of Time, and in Oblivion loſt.
The Sculptor's Hand may make the Marble live,
Or the bold Pencil trace
The Wonders of that lovely Face,

Where

Where ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace,
That Man can wiſh, or Heav'n can give,
In happy Union joyn'd, confeſs
The Hero born to conquer, and to bleſs.
Yet vain alas is ev'ry Art,
Till the great Work the Muſe compleat,
And everlaſting Fame impart,
That ſoars aloft above the Reach of Fate.
Hail happy Bard, on whom the Gods beſtow
A Genius equal to the vaſt Deſign,
Whoſe Thoughts ſublime, in eaſie Numbers flow,
While *Marlbro*'s Virtues animate each Line.
How ſhall our trembling Souls ſurvey
The Horrors of each bloody Day?
The wreaking Carnage of the Plain
Incumber'd with the mighty Slain,
The ſtrange Variety of Death,
And the ſad Murmurs of departing Breath?
Scamander's Streams ſhall yield to *Danube*'s Flood,
To the dark Boſom of the Deep purſued
By fiercer Flames, and ſtain'd with nobler Blood.
The Gods ſhall arm on either Side,
Th' important Quarrel to decide.
The grand Event embroil the Realms above,
And Faction revel in the Court of *Jove*,

While

While Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Shall feel the mighty Shock and Labour of the War.

III.

Virtue conceal'd obſcurely dies,
Loſt in the mean Diſguiſe
Of abject Sloth, depreſs'd, unknown.
Rough in its native Bed the unwrought Diamond lies,
Till Chance, or Art reveal its Worth,
And call its latent Glories forth;
But when its radiant Charms are view'd,
Becomes the Idol of the Crowd,
And adds new Luſtre to the Monarch's Crown.
What *Britiſh* Harp can lie unſtrung,
When *Stanhope*'s Fame demands a Song?
Upwards ye Muſes take your wanton Flight,
Tune ev'ry Lyre to *Stanhope*'s Praiſe,
Exert your moſt triumphant Lays,
Nor ſuffer ſuch heroick Deeds to ſink in endleſs Night.
The golden *Tagus* ſhall forget to flow,
And *Ebro* leave its Channel dry,
Ere *Stanhope*'s Name to Time ſhall bow,
And loſt in dark Oblivion lie.
Where ſhall the Muſe begin her airy Flight?
Where firſt direct her dubious Way?
Loſt in Variety of Light,
And dazled in Exceſs of Day.

Wiſdom, and Valour, Probity, and Truth,
At once upon the labouring Fancy throng,
The Conduct of old Age, the Fire of Youth,
United in one Breaſt perplex the Poet's Song.
Thoſe Virtues which diſpers'd and rare
The Gods too thriftily beſtow'd,
And ſcatter'd to amuſe the Crowd,
When former Heroes were their Care,
T' exert at once their Pow'r divine
In thee brave Chief collected ſhine.
So from each lovely blooming Face
Th'ambitious Artiſt ſtole a Grace,
When in one finiſh'd Piece he ſtrove,
To paint th'all-glorious Queen of Love
Thy provident unbiaſs'd Mind
Knowing in Arts of Peace, and War,
With indefatigable Care
Labours the Good of human Kind.
Erect in Dangers, modeſt in Succeſs,
Corruption's everlaſting Bane,
Where injur'd Merit finds Redreſs
And worthleſs Villains wait in vain.
Tho' fawning Knaves beſiege thy Gate,
And court the honeſt Man they hate,
Thy ſteady Virtue charges through,
Alike unerring to ſubdue
As when on *Almanara*'s Plain the ſcatter'd Squadrons [flew.

Vain are th' Attacks of Force or Art,
Where *Cæſar*'s Arm defends a *Cato*'s Heart.
Oh! could thy gen'rous Soul diſpenſe
Through this unrighteous Age its ſacred Influence,
Could the baſe Crowd from thy Example learn,
To trample on their impious Gifts with Scorn,
With Shame confounded to behold
A Nation for a Trifle ſold,
Dejected Senates ſhould no more
Their Champion's Abſence mourn,
Contending Boroughs ſhou'd thy Name return,
Thy bold *Philippicks* ſhou'd reſtore
Britannia's Wealth, and Power, and Fame,
Nor Liberty be deem'd an empty Name,
While Tyrants trembled on a foreign Shoar.
No ſwelling Titles, Pomp, and State,
The Trappings of a Magiſtrate,
Can dignifie a Slave or make a Traytor great.
For careleſs of external Show,
Sage Nature dictates whom t' obey,
And we the ready Homage pay
Which to ſuperior Gifts we owe.
Merit like thine repuls'd an Empire gains,
And Virtue tho' neglected reigns:
The Wretch is indigent and poor,
Who brooding ſits o'er his ill-gotten Store;

Trem-

Trembling with Guilt, and haunted by his Sin,
He feels the rigid Judge within.
But they alone are bleſs'd, who wiſely know
T' enjoy the little which the Gods beſtow,
Proud of their glorious Wants, diſdain
To barter Honeſty for Gain,
No other Ill but Shame they fear,
And ſcorn to purchaſe Life too dear:
Profuſely laviſh of their Blood,
For their dear Friends or Country's Good,
If *Britain* conquer can rejoice in Death,
And in triumphant Shouts reſign their Breath.

F I N I S.

Trembling with Guilt and haunted by his Sin,
He feels the rigid Judge within.
But they alone are bless'd, who nobly know
To enjoy the little which the Gods bestow,
Proud of their glorious Wants, disdain
To barter Honesty for Gain,
No other Ill but Shame they fear,
And learn to purchase Life too dear:
Profusely lavish of their Blood,
For their dear Friends or Country's Good,
If Britain conquer can rejoice in Death,
And in triumphant Shouts resign their Breath.

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